The President of the United States, the Secretary of State and the President's Private Secretary, in a carriage, attended by the Marshal and Deputy Marshal of the District of Columbia, and several assistant Marshals, with batons, rosettes, and sashes.
The members of the Cabinet, in carriages.
The Marshal of the Day (Joseph H. Bradley, Esq.) on horseback, attended by his aids on horseback, with batons and sashes.
Major Gen. Quitman, commanding-in-chief, and staff.
Military escort, consisting of the following cavalry, commanded by Col. May:
Laurel Troop, Captain Capron.
Marlborough Cavalry, Capt. Tuck.
Mounted Carbiniers, a Baltimore Troop, Capt. Murdock.
Ringgold Cavalry from Alexandria.
Eagle Artillerists of Baltimore, Capt. Kane.
Capitol Hill Artillerists, Capt. Robinson, a juvenile corps.
Infantry, under the command of Gen. Cadwalader.
United States Marines, with their powerful band, under Maj. Walker.
Independent Blues of Baltimore, with their excellent band, Captain Shutt.
Baltimore City Guards, Lieutenant McDonald.
Independent Greys, of Baltimore, with their excellent band, Captain Hall.
Fredericksburg Guards, (Va.) Captain Jackson.
Washington Light Infantry, Captain Tate.
National Blues of Washington, Captain Bacon.
Maryland Cadets, Captain Harris.
Baltimore Sharp Shooters, with their excellent band, Captain Lilly.
Boston Light Guard, Captain Clarke.
Independent Greys, of Georgetown, Captain Wright.
Mount Vernon Guards of Alexandria, (Va.) Lieut. Price.
Columbia Riflemen, of Baltimore, with their excellent band, Captain McAllister.
The Fire Companies in the following order:
Vigilant Fire Company of Baltimore, hauling their splendid Suction, numbering 58 men, each wearing a uniform cap, with the letter V in front.
Washington Company of Baltimore, with their handsome Suction, numbering 35 men, uniformed like the Vigilant, and having the letter W in front of their caps.
Howard Company of Baltimore, numbering 40 men, hauling their handsome new Suction, uniformed like the preceding companies, with the letter H on their caps.
The Anacostia, Columbia, Franklin, and Perseverance Fire Companies of Washington, and a delegation from the Northern Liberties, in full uniform. These four companies numbered each about 50 men. Their Engines were in splendid order, and handsomely decorated with flowers, flags, &c. The firemen wore red jackets and white pantaloons, and made a handsome appearance.
The Fire Department was in charge of Mr. G. S. Gideon, as chief marshal, assisted by Mr. Jonas B. Ellis, of the Anacostia, Mr. John C. Whitwell, of the Columbia, Mr. Lepreux, of the Franklin, and Mr. John D. Thompson, of the Perseverance.
The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, comprehending the officers and members of various Lodges, in charge of Mr. Wm. F. Bayly and Mr. J. T. Towers.
Senators and Members of Congress.
The Order of Red Men, under Mr. C. W. Boteler, jr., as marshal.
Delegations from the States.
Temperance Societies, under Mr. A. F. Cunningham, as marshal, consisting of:
The Freemen's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society.
The Sons of Temperance.
Junior Brothers of Temperance.
Knights of Temperance.
Delegations of Temperance Societies from different States.
A Car, bearing a large cask of cold water, inscribed "Fountain of Health."
The Corporation of Washington.
The Washington Benevolent Society, with their handsome banner.
The German Benevolent Society, with numerous banners.
Literary Associations.
The Young Men's Baltimore Delegation, with a handsome silk banner, representing Justice on one side, and inscribed on the other "Young Men's Baltimore Delegation."
Citizens not delegates from States.
Carriage containing the venerable Mrs. Hamilton, her daughter, Mrs. Holly, G. W. P. Custis, Esq., and Gen. Walter Jones.
Carriage containing the Speaker of the House of Representatives, orator of the day, Mayor of Washington, and the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.
Carriage containing the Architect of the Monument, having in charge the books and other articles to be deposited in the corner-stone.
The Monument Society.
The Masonic Fraternity, in full costume, headed by their Marshal, J. B. Thomas.

There was a grand display of Fireworks on Monument Square at night, prepared by Mr. Brown, the pyrotechnist. One of these displays, representing the Washington Monument, was appropriate and magnificent. The rockets and other beautiful exhibitions of the pyrotechnic art, illuminated the square in the most brilliant manner, while ten thousand gratified spectators demonstrated, by their loud and reiterated huzzas, their pleasure and admiration.

During their visit, the volunteer companies, the firemen, and strangers were hospitably entertained by the volunteer companies, firemen, Corporate authorities, and citizens of Washington and Georgetown. The conduct of all our visiters was most exemplary. Nothing of a disorderly character occurred; neither was there any accident of a serious nature to mar the festivities of the most auspicious and glorious festival that ever was celebrated in the metropolis of the Union.

Among the hospitalities which distinguished the anniversary, we may mention that the Messrs. Willard, of the City Hotel, and Mr. Blackwell, of the National, each entertained a large party of invited guests at dinner in the evening. At the latter were Mr. Speaker Winthrop, Gen. Cadwalader, Col. May, Mr. Custis, the Marshal of the day, Mr. J. H. Bradley, and other gentlemen who were connected with the public ceremonies of the day, several members of both Houses of Congress, and the Mayor and the Presidents of our City Councils.

Mr. Blackwell, of the National Hotel, also entertained a large portion of the volunteer companies yesterday afternoon, previous to their departure by the cars. Mr. Blackwell's entertainment was sumptuous and abundant; it was a rich and splendid fête, which did honor to that excellent and capacious establishment.

THE WHIG MEETING OF MONDAY EVENING.

Agreeably to a call from the Executive Committee of the "Central Rough and Ready Club," of this city, a respectable number of the citizens of Washington assembled in front of the Club Room on Monday evening last. At the request of those present, the meeting was addressed by Col. Woolley, of Kentucky, an intimate acquaintance and friend of "*Old Zach*," and by Hon. John L. Taylor, of Ohio, Z. Collins Lee, Esq. of Maryland, and the Hon. Dudley Marvin, of New York, all of whom presented the views and claims of the great Whig party and their nominees to the support of the people of the country in eloquent and forcible speeches.

Gen. Taylor, of Ohio, after alluding in very complimentary terms to the zeal, industry, and efficiency of the Whigs of the District of Columbia, paid a well-merited tribute to the intelligence, public spirit, and law-abiding character of her citizens. He alleged that, though they had no vote for members of Congress or for President, they exerted a powerful influence upon the elections in the States, from their central position, their means of information, and their readiness to aid the Whig cause of the country; and he urged them, and all others present, to consecrate their efforts to elevate to the Presidency Zachary Taylor, the true Whig, the pure patriot, the indomitable hero, and the honest man. He stated that "old Rough and Ready" had been nominated by the people for the Presidency soon after the news of the great battle of Buena Vista reached them, by meetings of all parties; and the Whig paper of his own town in Ohio had thrown to the breeze the name of Zachary Taylor for President, more than fifteen months ago, and there, from that day to this, his name adorns the columns of that admirable paper. The Convention lately held at Philadelphia was a mere certificate meeting—ratifying what the people had resolved to do long since. He urged gentlemen from other States to look well to their interests in the coming election, and assured the meeting that, as we could only judge of the future by the past, he would encourage them to rest assured that Ohio would do her duty, and that, as she had given her vote for a Whig candidate for President at three successive elections, to wit, in 1836, 1840, and in 1844, so she would again be found marshalled on the side of the Whigs in the coming election, and cast her vote for Taylor and Fillmore.

Mr. WINTHROP'S ADDRESS,

On the occasion of laying the Corner-stone of the National Monument to Washington.

Fellow-Citizens of the United States:

We are assembled to take the first step towards the fulfilment of a long deferred obligation. In this eight-and-fortieth year since his death, we have come together to lay the corner-stone of a National Monument to Washington.

Other monuments to this illustrious person have long ago been erected. By not a few of the great States of our Union, by not a few of the great cities of our States, the chiselled statue or the lofty column has been set up in his honor. The highest art of the old world—of France, of Italy, and of England, successively—has been put in requisition for the purpose. Houdon for Virginia, Canova for North Carolina, Sir Francis Chantrey for Massachusetts, have severally signalized their genius by portraying and perpetuating the form and features of the Father of his Country.

Nor has the Congress of the Nation altogether failed of its duty in this respect. The massive and majestic figure which presides over the precincts of the Capitol, and which seems almost in the act of challenging a new vow of allegiance to the Constitution and the Union from every one who approaches it, is a visible testimony—and one not the less grateful to an American eye as being the masterly production of a native artist—that the Government of the country has not been unmindful of what it owes to Washington.

One tribute to his memory is left to be rendered. One Monument remains to be reared. A monument which shall bespeak the gratitude, not of States, or of Cities, or of Governments; not of separate communities or of official bodies; but of the People, the whole People of the Nation—a National monument, erected by the Citizens of the United States of America.

Of such a monument we have come to lay the corner-stone here and now. On this day, on this spot, in this presence, and at this precise epoch in the history of our country and of the world, we are about to commence this crowning work of commemoration.

The day, the place, the witnesses, the period in the world's history and in our own history—all, all are most appropriate to the occasion.

The day is appropriate. On this 4th day of July—emphatically the people's day—we come most fitly to acknowledge the people's debt to their first and greatest benefactor.

Washington, indeed, had no immediate connexion with the immortal act of the 4th of July, 1776. His signature did not attest the Declaration of Independence. But the sword by which that independence was to be achieved was already at his side, and already had he struck the blow which rendered that declaration inevitable.

"*Hostibus primo fugatis, Bostonium recuperatum*," is the inscription on the medal which commemorates Washington's earliest triumph. And when the British forces were compelled to evacuate Boston, on the 17th day of March, 1776, bloodless though the victory was, the question was irrevocably settled that independence, and not the mere redress of grievances, was to be the momentous stake of our colonial struggle.

Without the event of the 4th of July, it is true, Washington would have found no adequate opening for that full career of military and civil glory which has rendered him illustrious forever. But it is equally true that without Washington, this day could never have acquired that renown in the history of human liberty, which now, above all other days, it enjoys. We may not say that the man made the day, or the day the man; but we may say that, by the blessing of God, they were made for each other, and both for the highest and most enduring good of America and of the world.

The place is appropriate. We are on the banks of his own beloved and beautiful Potomac. On one side of us, within a few hours' sail, are the hallowed scenes amid which Washington spent all of his mature life, which was not devoted to the public service of the country, and where still repose, in their original resting-place, all that remained of him when life was over. On the other side, and within our more immediate view, is the Capitol of the Republic, standing on the site selected by himself, and within whose walls the rights which he vindicated, the principles which he established, the institutions which he founded, have been, and are still to be, maintained, developed, and advanced.

The witnesses are appropriate, and such as eminently befit the occasion.

The President of the United States is here, and feels, I am persuaded, that the official distinction which he lends to the scene has no higher personal charm, if any higher public dignity, than that which it derives from its associations with his earliest and most illustrious predecessor. "I hold the place which Washington held," must be a reflection capable of sustaining a Chief Magistrate under any and every weight of responsibility and care, and of elevating him to the pursuit of the purest and loftiest ends.

Representatives of foreign nations are here, ready to bear witness to the priceless example which America has given to the world, in the character of him whose fame has long since ceased to be the property of any country or of any age.

The Vice President and Senate, the Heads of Departments, the Judiciary, the Authorities of the City and District, the Officers of the army and navy and marines, from many a field and many a flood of earlier and of later fame; veterans of the line and volunteers, fresh from the scenes of trial and of triumph, with swords already wreathed with myrtles, which every patriot prays may prove as unfading as the laurels with which their brows are bound; all are here, eager to attest their reverence for the memory of one, whom statesmen and soldiers have conspired in pronouncing to have been first alike in Peace and in War.

The Representatives of the People are here; and it is only as their organ that I have felt it incumbent on me, in the midst of cares and duties which would have formed an ample apology for declining any other service, to say a few words on this occasion. Coming here in no official capacity, I yet feel that I bring with me the sanction not merely of the Representatives of the People, but of the People themselves, for all that I can say, and for much more than I can say, in honor of Washington.

And, indeed, the People themselves are here; in masses such as never before were seen within the shadows of the Capitol—a cloud of witnesses—to bring their own heartfelt testimony to the occasion. From all the States of the Union; from all political parties; from all professions and occupations; men of all sorts and conditions, and those before whom men of all sorts and conditions bow, as lending the chief ornament and grace to every scene of life; the people, as individual citizens, and in every variety of association, military and masonic, moral, collegiate, and charitable, Rechabites and Red Men, Sons of Temperance and Firemen, United Brothers and Odd Fellows; the people have come up this day to the temple gates of a common and glorious republic, to fraternize with each other in a fresh act of homage to the memory of the man, who was, and is, and will forever be, "first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Welcome, welcome, Americans all! "The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, (I borrow the words of Washington himself,) must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

Nor can I feel, fellow-citizens, that I have yet made mention of all who are with us at this hour. Which of us does not realize that unseen witnesses are around us? Think ye that the little band, whose feeble forms are spared to bless our sight once more, are all of the army of Washington, who are uniting with us in this tribute of reverence for his memory? Think ye, that the patriot soldiers or the patriot statesmen, who stood around him in war and in peace, are altogether absent from a scene like this? Adams and Jefferson, joint-authors of the Declaration, by whose lives and deaths this day has been doubly hallowed; Hamilton and Madison, joint framers of the Constitution, present, visibly present, in the venerated persons of those nearest and dearest to them in life; Marshall, under whose auspices the work before us was projected, and whose classic pen had already constructed a monument to his illustrious compeer and friend more durable than marble or granite; Knox, Lincoln, and Green; Franklin, Jay, Pickering, and Morris; Schuyler and Putnam, Stark and Prescott, Sumter and Marion, Steuben, Kosciusko, and Lafayette; companions, counsellors, supporters, friends, followers of Washington, all, all: we hail them from their orbs on high, and feel that we do them no wrong in counting them among the gratified witnesses of this occasion!

But it is the precise epoch at which we have arrived in the world's history, and in *our own* history, which imparts to this occasion an interest and an importance which cannot easily be over-estimated.

I can make but the merest allusion to the mighty movements which have recently taken place on the continent of Europe—where events which would have given character to an age have been crowded within the changes of a moon.

Interesting, intensely interesting, as these events have been to all who have witnessed them, they have been tenfold more interesting to Americans. We see in them the influence of our own institutions. We behold in them the results of our own example. We recognise them as the spontaneous germination and growth of seeds which have been wafted over the ocean, for half a century past, from our own original Liberty Tree!

The distinguished writer of the declaration which made this day memorable, was full of apprehensions as to the influence of the Old World upon the New. He even wished, on one occasion, that "an ocean of fire" might roll between America and Europe, to cut off and consume those serpent fascinations and seductions which were to corrupt, if not to strangle outright, our infant freedom in its cradle.

Doubtless these were no idle fears at the time. Doubtless there are dangers still, which might almost seem to have justified such a wish. But it is plain that the currents of political influence thus far have run deepest and strongest in the opposite direction. *The influence of the new world upon the old* is the great moral of the events of the day.

Mr. Jefferson's "ocean of fire" has, indeed, been almost realized. A tremendous enginery has covered the sea with smoke and flame. The fiery dragon has ceased to be a fable. The inspired description of Leviathan is fulfilled to the letter. "Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap 'out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething 'pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame 'goeth out of his mouth. He maketh the deep to boil like a 'pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment."

But the Saint George of modern civilization and science, instead of slaying the dragon, has subdued him to the yoke, and broken him into the service of mankind. The ocean of fire has only facilitated the intercourse which it was invoked to destroy. And the result is before the world.

New modes of communication, regular and more rapid interchanges of information and opinion, freer and more frequent comparisons of principles, of institutions, and of conditions, have at length brought the political systems of the two continents into conflict; and prostrate thrones and reeling empires this day bear witness to the shock!

Yes, fellow-citizens, (if I may be allowed the figure,) the great upward and downward trains on the track of human freedom have at last come into collision! It is too early as yet for any one to pronounce upon the precise consequences of the encounter. But we can see at a glance what engines have been shattered, and what engineers have been dashed from their seats. We can see, too, that the great American-built locomotive "Liberty" still holds on its course, unimpeded and unimpaired; gathering strength as it goes; developing new energies to meet new exigencies; and bearing along its imperial train of twenty millions of people with a speed which knows no parallel.

Nor can we fail to see that men are every where beginning to examine the model of this mighty engine, and that not a few have already begun to copy its construction and to imitate its machinery. The great doctrines of our own Revolution, that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their 'Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these 'are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure 'these rights Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that 'whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of 'these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish 'it and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation 'on such principles and organizing its powers in such form 'as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness;" these fundamental maxims of the rights of man are proclaimed as emphatically this day in Paris as they were seventy-two years ago this day in Philadelphia.

And not in Paris alone. The whole civilized world resounds with American opinions and American principles. Every vale is vocal with them. Every mountain hath found a tongue for them.

—— Sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit, et insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.

Every where the people are heard calling their rulers to account and holding them to a just responsibility. Every where the cry is raised for the elective franchise, the trial by jury, the freedom of the press, written constitutions, representative systems, republican forms.

In some cases most fortunately the rulers themselves have not escaped some seasonable symptoms of the pervading fervor for freedom, and have nobly anticipated the demands of their subjects. To the sovereign Pontiff of the Roman States in particular belongs the honor of having led the way in the great movement of the day, and no American will withhold from him a cordial tribute of respect and admiration for whatever he has done or designed for the regeneration of Italy. Glorious indeed on the page of history will be the name of Pius IX. if the rise of another Rome shall be traced to his wise and liberal policy. Yet not less truly glorious, if his own authority should date its decline to his noble refusal to lend his apostolical sanction to a war of conquest.

For Italy, however, and for France, and for the whole European world alike, a great work still remains. A rational, practical, enduring liberty cannot be acquired in a paroxysm, cannot be established by a proclamation. It is not, our own history proves that it is not

"The hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay."

The redress of a few crying grievances, the reform of a few glaring abuses, the banishment of a minister, the burning of a throne, the overthrow of a dynasty, these are but scanty preparations for the mighty undertaking upon which they have entered. New systems are to be constructed; new forms to be established; new Governments to be instituted, organized, and administered, upon principles which shall reconcile the seeming conflict between liberty and law, and secure to every one the enjoyment of regulated constitutional freedom.

And it is at this moment, fellow-citizens, when this vast labor is about to be commenced, when the files of the Old World are searched in vain for precedents, and the file-leaders of the Old World are looked to in vain for pioneers, and when all eyes are strained to find the men, to find the man, who is sufficient for these things, it is at such a moment that we are assembled on this pinnacle of the American Republic—I might almost say by some Divine impulse and direction—to hold up afresh to the admiration and imitation of mankind the character and example of George Washington.

Let us contemplate that character and that example for a moment, and see whether there be any thing in all the treasures of our country's fame, I do not say merely of equal intrinsic value, but of such eminent adaptation to the exigencies of the time and the immediate wants of the world.

I will enter into no details of his personal history. Washington's birthday is a National Festival. His whole life, boyhood and manhood, has been learned by heart by us all. Who knows not that he was a self-made man? Who knows not that the only education which he enjoyed was that of the common schools of Virginia, which, at that day, were of the very commonest sort? Who remembers not those extraordinary youthful adventures, by which he was trained up to the great work of his destiny? Who remembers not the labors and exposures which he encountered as a land surveyor, at the early age of sixteen years? Who has forgotten the perils of his journey of forty-one days and five hundred and sixty miles, from Williamsburg to French Creek, when sent, at the age of only twenty-one, as commissioner from Gov. Dinwiddie, to demand of the French forces their authority for invading the King's dominions? Who has not followed him, a hundred times, with breathless anxiety, as he threads his way through that pathless wilderness, at one moment fired at by Indians at fifteen paces, at the next wrecked upon a raft amid snow and ice, and subjected throughout to every danger which treacherous elements or still more treacherous enemies could involve? Who has forgotten his hardly less miraculous escape, a few years later, on the banks of the Monongahela, when foremost in that fearful fight, he was the only mounted officer of the British troops who was not either killed or desperately wounded?

Let me not speak of Washington as a merely self-made man. There were influences employed in moulding and making him, far, far above his own control. Bereft of his father at the tender age of eleven years, he had a *mother* left to whom the world can never over-estimate its debt. And higher, holier still, was the guardianship so signally manifested in more than one event of his life. "By the all-pow'erful dispensations of Providence," wrote Washington himself to his venerated parent after Braddock's defeat, "I have 'been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; 'for I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot 'under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me." Well did the eloquent pastor of a neighboring parish, on his return, "point 'out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom (says he) I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to the country."

And not less natural or less striking was the testimony of the Indian chief who told Washington, fifteen years afterwards, "that at the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, had fired his rifle at 'him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the 'same, but that, to his utter astonishment, none of their 'balls took effect; that he was then persuaded that the 'youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the 'Great Spirit, and immediately ceased to fire at him; and 'that he was now come to pay homage to the man who was 'the particular favorite of Heaven, and who could never die 'in battle."

Our Revolutionary fathers had many causes for adoring the invisible hand by which they were guided and guarded in their great struggle for liberty; but none, none stronger than this providential preparation and preservation of their destined Chief. Be it ours to prolong that anthem of gratitude which may no more be heard from their mute lips: "The grave 'cannot praise Thee; death cannot celebrate Thee; but the 'living, the living, they shall praise Thee, as we do this 'day!"

Of the public services of Washington to our own country, for which he was thus prepared and preserved, it is enough to say that in the three great epochs of our national history he stands forth pre-eminent and peerless, the master-spirit of the time.

In the war of the Revolution we see him the leader of our armies.

In the formation of the Constitution we see him the President of our Councils.

In the organization of the Federal Government we see him the Chief Magistrate of our Republic.

Indeed, from the memorable day when, under the unheard but by no means inauspicious salute of both British and American batteries, engaged in no holyday exercise on Bunker Hill, it was unanimously resolved that George Washington, having been chosen commander-in-chief of such forces as are or shall be raised for the maintenance and preservation of American liberty, "this Congress doth now declare that they 'will maintain and assist him, and adhere to him, the said 'George Washington, with their lives and fortunes in the 'same cause;" from this ever-memorable 17th of June, 1775—a day on which (as has been well said) Providence kept an even balance with the cause, and while it took from us a Warren gave us a Washington—to the 14th day of December, 1799, when he died, we shall search the annals of our land in vain for any important scene in which he was any thing less than the principal figure.

It is, however, the character of Washington, and not the mere part which he played, which we would hold up this day to the world as worthy of endless and universal commemoration. The highest official distinctions may be enjoyed, and the most important public services rendered, by men whose lives will not endure examination. It is the glory of Washington that the virtues of the man outshone even the brilliancy of his acts, and that the results which he accomplished were only the legitimate exemplifications of the principles which he professed and cherished.

In the whole history of the world it may be doubted whether any man can be found who has exerted a more controlling influence over men and over events than George Washington. To what did he owe that influence? How did he win, how did he wield, that magic power, that majestic authority, over the minds and hearts of his countrymen and of mankind? In what did the power of Washington consist?

It was not the power of vast learning or varied acquirements. He made no pretensions to scholarship, and had no opportunities for extensive reading.

It was not the power of sparkling wit or glowing rhetoric. Though long associated with deliberative bodies, he never made a set speech in his life, nor ever mingled in a stormy debate.

It was not the power of personal fascination. There was little about him of that gracious affability which sometimes lends such resistless attraction to men of commanding position. His august presence inspired more of awe than of affection, and his friends, numerous and devoted as they were, were bound to him rather by ties of respect than of love.

It was not the power of a daring and desperate spirit of heroic adventure. "If I ever said so," replied Washington, when asked whether he had said that there was something charming in the sound of a whistling bullet; "if I ever said so, it was when I was young." He had no passion for mere exploits. He sought no bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. With a courage never questioned, and equal to every exigency, he had yet "a wisdom which did guide his valor to act in safety."

In what, then, did the power of Washington consist? When Patrick Henry returned home from the first continental Congress, and was asked who was the greatest man in that body, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Col. Washington is by far the greatest man on that floor."

When, fifteen years earlier, Washington, at the close of the French war, took his seat for the first time in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and a vote of thanks was presented to him for his military services to the Colony, his hesitation and embarrassment were relieved by the Speaker, who said, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty equals your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

But it was not solid information or sound judgment, or even that rare combination of surpassing modesty and valor, great as these qualities are, which gave Washington such a hold on the regard, respect, and confidence of the American people. I hazard nothing in saying that it was the high moral elements of his character which imparted to it its preponderating force. His incorruptible honesty, his uncompromising truth, his devout reliance on God, the purity of his life, the scrupulousness of his conscience, the disinterestedness of his purposes, his humanity, generosity, and justice—these were the ingredients which, blending harmoniously with solid information and sound judgment and a valor only equalled by his modesty, made up a character to which the world may be fearlessly challenged for a parallel.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the more than vestal vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was every where understood.

Every body saw that Washington sought nothing for himself. Every body knew that he sacrificed nothing to personal or to party ends. Hence, the mighty influence, the matchless sway which he exercised over all around him. "He was the only 'man in the United States who possessed the confidence of 'all, (said Thomas Jefferson;) there was no other one who 'was considered any thing more than a party leader."

Who ever thinks of Washington as a mere politician? Who ever associates him with the petty arts and pitiful intrigues of partisan office-seekers or partisan office-holders? Who ever pictures him canvassing for votes, dealing out proscription, or doling out patronage?

"No part of my duty," wrote Washington to Governor Bowdoin, in a letter, the still unpublished original of which is a precious inheritance of my own: "No part 'of my duty will be more delicate, and in many instances 'more unpleasant, than that of nominating and appointing persons to office. It will undoubtedly happen that 'there will be several candidates for the same office, 'whose pretensions, abilities, and integrity may be nearly 'equal, and who will come forward so equally supported in 'every respect as almost to require the aid of supernatural intuition to fix upon the right. I shall, however, in all events, 'have the satisfaction to reflect that I entered upon my administration unconfined by a single engagement, uninfluenced 'by any ties of blood or friendship, and with the best intention and fullest determination to nominate to office those 'persons only who, upon every consideration, were the most 'deserving, and who would probably execute their several 'functions to the interest and credit of the American Union; 'if such characters could be found by my exploring every 'avenue of information respecting their merits and pretensions that it was in my power to obtain."

And there was as little of the vulgar hero about him, as there was of the mere politician. At the head of a victorious army, of which he was the idol—an army too often provoked to the very verge of mutiny by the neglect of an inefficient Government—we find him the constant counsellor of subordination and submission to the civil authority. With the sword of a conqueror at his side, we find him the unceasing advocate of peace. Repeatedly invested with more than the power of a Roman dictator, we see him receiving that power with reluctance, employing it with the utmost moderation, and eagerly embracing the earliest opportunity to resign it. The offer of a Crown could not, did not, tempt him for an instant from his allegiance to liberty. He rejected it with indignation and abhorrence, and proceeded to devote all his energies and all his influence, all his popularity and all his ability, to the establishment of that Republican System, of which he was from first to last the uncompromising advocate, and with the ultimate success of which he believed the best interests of America and of the world were inseparably connected.

It is thus that, in contemplating the character of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his successes as a statesman, his triumphs as a soldier, almost fade from our sight. It is not the Washington of the Delaware, or the Brandywine, of Germantown or of Monmouth; it is not Washington, the President of the Convention, or the President of the republic, which we admire. We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric lustre of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant, radiant every where, with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consummate man! Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say that

"all the ends he aimed at
Were his Country's, his God's, and Truth's."

Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that he stands upon the page of history the great modern illustration and example of that exquisite and Divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying Monarch of Israel—

"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God;

"And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds!"

And now, fellow-citizens, it is this incomparable and transcendant character, which America, on this occasion, holds up afresh to the admiration of mankind. Believing it to be the only character which could have carried us safely through our own Revolutionary struggles, we present it, especially, this day, to the wistful gaze of convulsed and distracted Europe. May we not hope that there may be kindred spirits over the sea, upon whom the example may impress itself, till they shall be inflamed with a noble rage to follow it? Shall we not call upon them to turn from a vain reliance upon their old idols, and to behold here, in the mingled moderation and courage, in the combined piety and patriotism, in the blended virtue, principle, wisdom, valor, self-denial, and self-devotion of our Washington, the express image of the man, the only man, for their occasion?

Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus,
Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum!

Let us rejoice that our call is anticipated. Washington is no new name to Europe. His star has been seen in every sky, and wise men every where have done it homage. To what other merely human being, indeed, has such homage ever before or since been rendered?

"I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men," wrote Erskine to Washington himself, "but you are the only being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence."

"Illustrious man!" said Fox of him, in the British House of Commons in 1794, "deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe become little and contemptible."

"Washington is dead!" proclaimed Napoleon, on hearing of the event. "This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory will be always dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two worlds."

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages," says Lord Brougham, "to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

"One thing is certain," says Guizot—"one thing is certain: that which Washington did—the founding of a free Government, by order and peace, at the close of the Revolution—no other policy than his could have accomplished."

And later, better still: "Efface henceforth the name of Machiavel," said Lamartine, within a few weeks past, in his reply to the Italian association—"efface henceforth the name of Machiavel from your titles of glory, and substitute for it the name of Washington; that is the one which should now be proclaimed; that is the name of modern liberty. It is no longer the name of a politician or a conqueror that is required; it is that of a man, the most disinterested, the most devoted to the people. This is the man required by liberty. The want of the age is a European Washington!"

And who shall supply that want but he who so vividly realizes it? Enthusiastic, eloquent, admirable Lamartine! Though the magic wires may even now be trembling with the tidings of his downfall, we will not yet quite despair of him. Go on in the high career to which you have been called! Fall in it, if it must be so; but fall not, falter not, from it! Imitate the character you have so nobly appreciated! Fulfil the pledges you have so gloriously given! Plead still against the banner of blood! Strive still against the reign of terror! Aim still

"By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear!"

May a gallant and generous people second you, and the Power which preserved Washington sustain you, until you have secured peace, order, freedom to your country!

"Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."

But, fellow citizens, while we thus commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves. I have spoken of the precise period which we have reached in our own history, as well as in that of the world at large, as giving something of peculiar interest to the proceedings in which we are engaged. I may not, I will not disturb the harmony of the scene before me by the slightest allusion of a party character. The circumstances of the occasion forbid it; the associations of the day forbid it; the character of him in whose honor we are assembled forbids it; my own feelings revolt from it. But I may say, I must say, and every one within the sound of my voice will sustain me in saying, that there has been no moment since Washington himself was among us, when it was more important than at this moment that the two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished.

Those principles were, first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble Union of the States; and second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect neutrality towards others, and peace, peace, domestic peace and foreign peace, as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his Country.

But above all and before all in the heart of Washington was the union of the States; and no opportunity was ever omitted by him, to impress upon his fellow-citizens the profound sense which he entertained of its vital importance at once to their prosperity and their liberty.

In that incomparable address in which he bade farewell to his countrymen at the close of his Presidential service, he touched upon many other topics with the earnestness of a sincere conviction. He called upon them, in solemn terms, to "cherish public credit;" to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations;" avoiding both "inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments" towards any; to mitigate and assuage the unquenchable fire of party spirit, "lest, instead of warming, it should consume;" to abstain from "characterizing parties by geographical distinctions;" "to promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;" to respect and uphold "religion and morality; those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

But what can exceed, what can equal the accumulated intensity of thought and of expression with which he calls upon them to cling to the union of the States. "It is 'of infinite moment," says he, in language which we ought never to be weary of hearing or of repeating, "that you should 'properly estimate the immense value of your National Union 'to your collective and individual happiness; that you should 'cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for 'its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, *in any event*, 'be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first 'dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now 'link together the various parts."

The Union, *the Union in any event*, was thus the sentiment of Washington. The Union, *the Union in any event*, let it be our sentiment this day!

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognise in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union? Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American People to the illustrious Father of his Country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We and those who come after us in successive generations are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its Independence. Uphold its Constitution. Preserve its Union. Defend its Liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world; and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall any where pant, or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of George Washington!

NAUTICAL.

Observatory, Washington, July 1, 1848.

In the Union's notice of the 28th, respecting the new route to Rio and the Plymouth's passage, it is stated that "*two*" other vessels sailed for Rio about the same time; that they went the old route, and the Plymouth beat all except one. The "*two*" should have been ten.

The Plymouth had the "wind and current" charts on board, and took the new route to Rio which has been discovered by means of them. The ten other vessels all pursued the old route, and all except one had a longer passage than the Plymouth; thus showing, in this instance at least, the relative advantages between the two routes to be as ten to one in favor of the new route.

The barque Gallego sailed from the Capes of Virginia two days after the United States steamer Alleghany, which latter, also, had a copy of these charts, and made the passage chiefly under canvass alone. The Alleghany intended to try the new route, but she mistook it by hugging a southwest wind in latitude 35, and fell to leeward of the Great Circle in the region of the trades. In this position she resolved to abandon the Great Circle and stood back to the northward, crossing in latitude 29° N., where Gallego had been ten days before.

The Gallego took the old route, and when the Alleghany recrossed her track in 19° N., the Gallego had passed on thirteen days before. But, instead of standing to the eastward, as vessels when hereabouts usually do, and as the Gallego did, the Alleghany stuck to the west of the usual tracks, as the charts show she should have done; and, though the Gallego had now gained on her fifteen days, she passed Gallego before reaching Rio.

Respectfully, &c. M. F. MAURY.
To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

News! News!—Richer Yet!—We have received the following important intelligence from Yucatan, contained in the *Boletin Oficial*, of Merida. It will by seen by this that Yucatan is safe. It has now the prospect of a speedy deliverance from its barbarian foes. The *Boletin* says that the deliverance of the peninsula is secured by the aid which will be afforded by the American Congress and Gen. Dixon. We translate the following letter, which contains information entirely new to our citizens:

"*To the most excellent Governor of the State of Yucatan, D. Miguel Barbachano.*

"New Orleans, May 24, 1848.

"Honorable Sir: I hasten to lay before you information of the bill introduced into Congress for the aid of Yucatan, which has already passed the Senate, and will soon become a law.

"I have now five hundred volunteers and a battery of artillery in Vera Cruz, which only await for transportation to be furnished by the Government before embarking for Campeachy. Within a week I shall leave New Orleans, (!) and quickly join you to aid you in defending your territory against the savage enemy. You can assure your people that in a short time the sons of '76 will be among them, to assist in repelling the foe. Fortify the towns, and let the enemy know that in a few days the Americans will be upon them.

"Our citizens have taken great interest in the welfare of Yucatan, and pray the God of battles to protect her until we arrive to her aid.

"I am, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,
G. Washington Dixon,
"Commander-in-chief of the Vanguard of Liberty."

Between four and five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, at Asa White's establishment, in Boston, Leander Washburn, aged nineteen years, was instantly killed by the bursting of a soda fountain which he was charging.